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That evening Edward Ashton and Mary Stuart walked up the wild and lovely Gneure, and before they reached home, there was a clear moon to light them through the fragrant birch-woods. Her heart was given up entirely, with all its calm, pure, and innocent thoughts and feelings, to him who was now her lover; it knew no disguise, nor had it one single emotion to veil or conceal. No passion agitated sweet Mary Stuart, no wild dreams of imagination, no enthusiastic transports of the fancy; but his smile was light, and his voice was music to her soul; and in the serene depth of an affection which had been growing within her heart, even from the very first moment she beheld the stranger in the Pine Grove, would she now have willingly gone with him to the uttermost parts of the earth, or laid down her young and happy life for his sake. When he folded her to his heart, they mutually pledged their faith, her tears fell down in showers, and the kisses that then touched her eyes and cheek thril-

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